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A

Funeral Satyr
IN
MEMORY
OF THE
Worthy Treatment
Of the late
Mr. Anthony Bowyer,
Of CAMBERWELL.

By a Friend to Dr. Sacheverell's Club.

London: Printed in the Year, 1709.



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Funeral Satyr, &c.

Let him that would his doubting Thoughts convince
 Of Heaven, Futurity, and Providence ;
 Go search the Sacred Reliques of the Dead,
 And see what Characters can there be read :
 Let him distinguish there the Mean and Great,
 And tell us if he can, their Merit or their Fate.

Death all our Worth and Mem'ry overflows,
 The good unblest, the bad unpunisht goes :
 And in one Grave there undistinguisht lies
 The Ashes of the foolish and the wise :
 Levell'd in Earth no Footsteps can be found
 To tell us who was hang'd, and who was crown'd.

The Retribution Part must then remain
 For Resurrection, Justice to explain :
 There despicable Truth with Triumphs crown'd
 Shall rampant Vice and prosp'rous Crimes confound :
 And Honesty, ecclyps'd by Parties here,
 Shall there in all its brightest Rays appear.

But yet,

Tho' *there* alone we seek our last Reward,
 Yet Virtue merits *here* some suitable Regard :
 And the wise Actions of the great and just
 Preserve an Immortality in Dust.

Good Men tho' with the General Race they die,
 Live still in Pattern, and in Memory.
 Their high exalted Character conveys
 The Substance, not the Vanity of Praise ;
 Usefull tho' dead, the bright exemplar Flame
 Gives Light to those that live, and Lustre to their Name.

Thus *BOWYER* lives, the Darks of Death no more
 Can hide his Light, than Slander could before :

Envy

Envy her self can no Reproach entail,
 Nor Rage of Fools upon his Fame prevail :
 Exact in Life so every Christian must,
 For Practice will to Principles be just :
 Severe in Virtue and upright in Mind,
 And so made fit to regulate Mankind :
 He first reform'd himself and then the State :
 A Pattern for the Modern Magistrate.
 No Man could on his Sentences reflect,
 For practising the Vices he'd correct.
 The Law was safe in his unerring Hand ;
 First by Example guiding, then Command.

Unhappy *Britain* ! how art thou undone
 By multiplying Laws, and executing none ?
 Vice arm'd with Law, usurps our Judgment Seat,
 And Crimes protected by the Magistrate :
 Justice converts her Iron into Brass ;
 And Impudence for Honesty may pass.

The Felon's sentenc'd by the Thieves of State,
And Drunkards whipt by reeling Magistrate.

How can our *Reformation* Vigour fail,
When Magisterial Patterns thus prevail ?
Exalted Vice with Native hardn'd Face,
In full Contempt of Modesty and Grace,
Ascends the Bench, as Actors mount the Stage,
To Ridicule the Manners of the Age.

There Blasphemy Prophaness first detects,
And Baudy — for Baudy Song corrects.
The Perjur'd Justice damns the swearing Wretch,
And — commits that Whore he'd fain debauch.
Lewdness is lafht by Justice Sodomite,
And — condemns by Day what he commits at Night.

In vain we talk of Government and Laws,
Law drives indeed, but 'tis *Example* draws.
Ne'er let us cant of *Reformation* more ;
First whip your *Justices*, and then the Poor :
You'll

You'll ne'er keep Immorality in Awe,
 'Till Impudence shall from the *Bench* withdraw.

What tho' one party *Brute's* pull'd fairly down;
 Go thro' the *Bench* and then your Work's begun:
 Garble your *Majesterial* Men of Pride,
 And throw the rotten and the vile aside;
 Then up to Heav'n you may direct your Eye;
 But till you set to work, tis a Jest to pray.

Just *BOWYER*'s Soul these wretched truths bewail'd,
 Too flagrant grown to be at all conceal'd;
 His Brighter Pattern did the Crimes condemn,
 He abhor'd the Crimes, and all abhor the Men.

Let no Man wonder when they chance to find
 His Name the General Banter of Mankind:
 The Times concur; 'tis modish to despise;
 Was ever Virtue unattackt by Vice?
 'Tis Nat'r'al to the Party to be rude;
 The Modest shall be banter'd by the lewd.

It grows the General Humour of the Age ;
 And 'tis their Guilt that first directs their Rage.

What else could move the Party Mob to rail ?
 Men never rave 'till first their Reasons fail :
 But he that will with Fops and Fools engage,
 Is certain to make War with all this Age :
 And when his stronger Arguments prevail,
 Just as their Cause declines, their Manners fail :
 With Noise and Clamour strugling to confute,
 And bully those with whom they can't dispute.

Sopor in Years and Brains a very Youth,
 The Party's Cully first confirms this Truth :
 He boasts his *ill deserv'd* Inheritance ;
 But is too modest *yet* to boast his Sense.
 The untaught Boy pusht on by Party Feud,
 Hot, thoughtless, Purse-proud, and genteelly rude :
 The Party's Tool, serv'd up by High Church Art,
 The Club's *jack Pudding* drest to act a Part.

Just

Just counter-works his early Education,
And damns his Father to disgrace the Nation.

Could the old honest *Burgher* view this Scene,
And act the *Parent* here but once again,
Could he but see the weak degenerate Youth
Embrac'd by Knaves and Fools, abus'd by both ;
How he against his Blood and Sense disputes,
And the few Brains he left him prostitutes ;
How Spight of Manners, Modesty and Grace,
And blushes not quite banish'd from his Face ;
Swell'd with young Pride and fir'd with Party Rage,
He mocks grey Hairs and ridicules Old Age :
Justly provok'd, he'd lash the young Buffoon,
And Blush if he was forc'd to call him Son.

Equal in Rage, superior in Crime,
A *Quondam* Magistrate comes next to him ;
The bully's Tutor swell'd with Spleen and Wind,
With brass before, and Ignorance behind :

Depos'd in Power, but still possess'd with Rage,
 And long since made the Banter of the Age.
 When first at wiser Men his Malice fail'd,
 He turn'd his Tail, and at his Sovereign rail'd.
 And to give native Principles a Vent,
 Let fly his Gall against the Government :
 But Patience that had long delay'd his Fate,
 Gave up to Justice Bully Magistrate.
 In meer Respect to Peace and common Sense,
 They spew'd him from the Bench for Impudence
 And now behind the Curtain he gives Rules,
 To teach young Fops, and screw up Party Tools.
 Instruct his Mob to push on high Church Cause,
 And bully those whose Sence he can't oppose.
 Wonder no more that such a vile Cabal,
 The sooner to precipitate their Fall ;
 And make themselves the yet compleater Jest,
 Rak'd all the Churches Dunghill for a Priest.
 The Sacred Janissary of the Cause,
 That owes his Ears to Mercy, not the Laws.

Brought

Brought in for neither Honesty nor Sense,
 But by meer Dint of Party Impudence.
 Proud to Distraction, mad with Party Rage,
 Higher than the high-flying of the Age,
 The secret Heat that swells the boyling Flood,
 Is ne'er to be asswag'd but by Dissenters Blood.
 The spirit'al Fury roves in Pulpit Fire,
 And Thirst of Mischief prompts his strong Desire.
 His party blood in constant Fever rolls,
 And his contagious Breath infects their very Souls.
 Here their Instruction every Day they fetch,
 Blest are the *Pupils* taught by such a Wretch.
 " The Church buffoon, our *Oxford* stated Jest,
 " A noisy, saucy, swearing, drunken Priest.

'Tis *BOWYER*'s Honour to have these his Foes,
 And these it was his Honour to oppose.
 He could not but oppose the Men of Crime,
 For there was always War 'twixt Hell and him

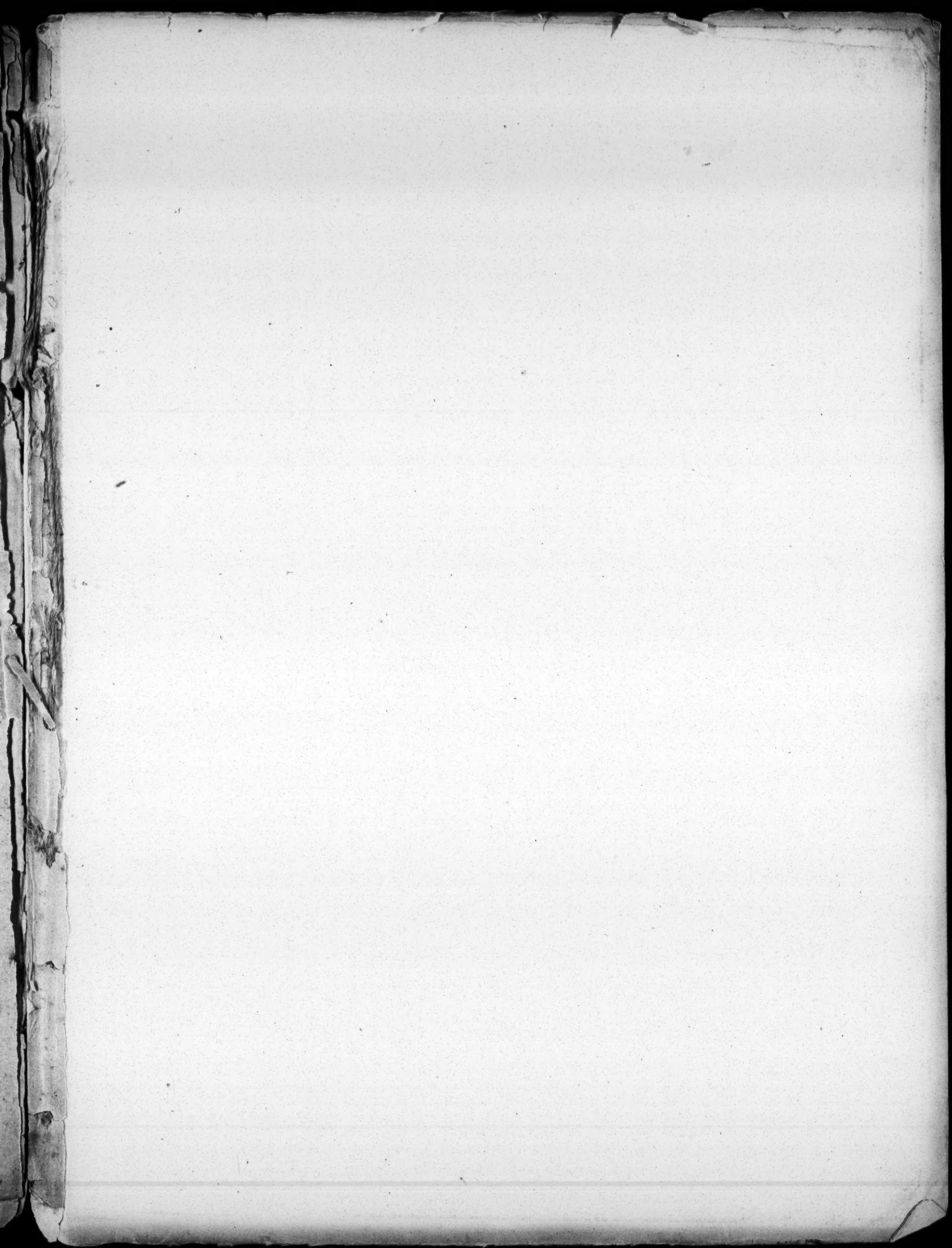
For

For this. So Lot in chaster Sodom dwelt;
 The hottest Rage of Party Lust he felt.
 For this, they made his Peace their constant Prey,
 And vext his righteous Soul from Day to Day.

Their empty Tools with Rage and Insolence,
 Insult his Age, but can't invade his Sense.
 Aw'd by the Majesty of well spent Years,
 Their Cause supprest and trembling at his Feet appears.
 By Strength of long Experience and of Law,
 He kept their Scoundrel, Factious Clubs in Awe.
 With vigorous Zeal he nos'd them to the last,
 Told 'em their future Errors and their past.
 Check'd all their mischeivous corrupt Designs,
 And counter-wrought their little Party Mines.
 With True Prophetick Skill foretold their Fate,
 That they'd be hang'd too soon, repent too late.

F I N I S.





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